

White Robe

t.A.T.u.

Feeling ugly, looking pretty
Yellow ribbons, black graffiti
Word is written, bond is broken
No big secret left unspoken
Sun is painted in the corner
But it's never getting warmer
All the lies they keep on selling
But you never check the spelling

Flying bullets
Hit the targets
Wings and haloes
Five to seven
In this white robe
Through the darkness
Paragliding
Back to heaven!

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Time is running, we are sitting
Back together just for splitting
You are crying in the corner
All was next and never former
Open up and let me hear it
For my body, future spirit
Brain is useless, chair is rocking
Open doors but dead man walking

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